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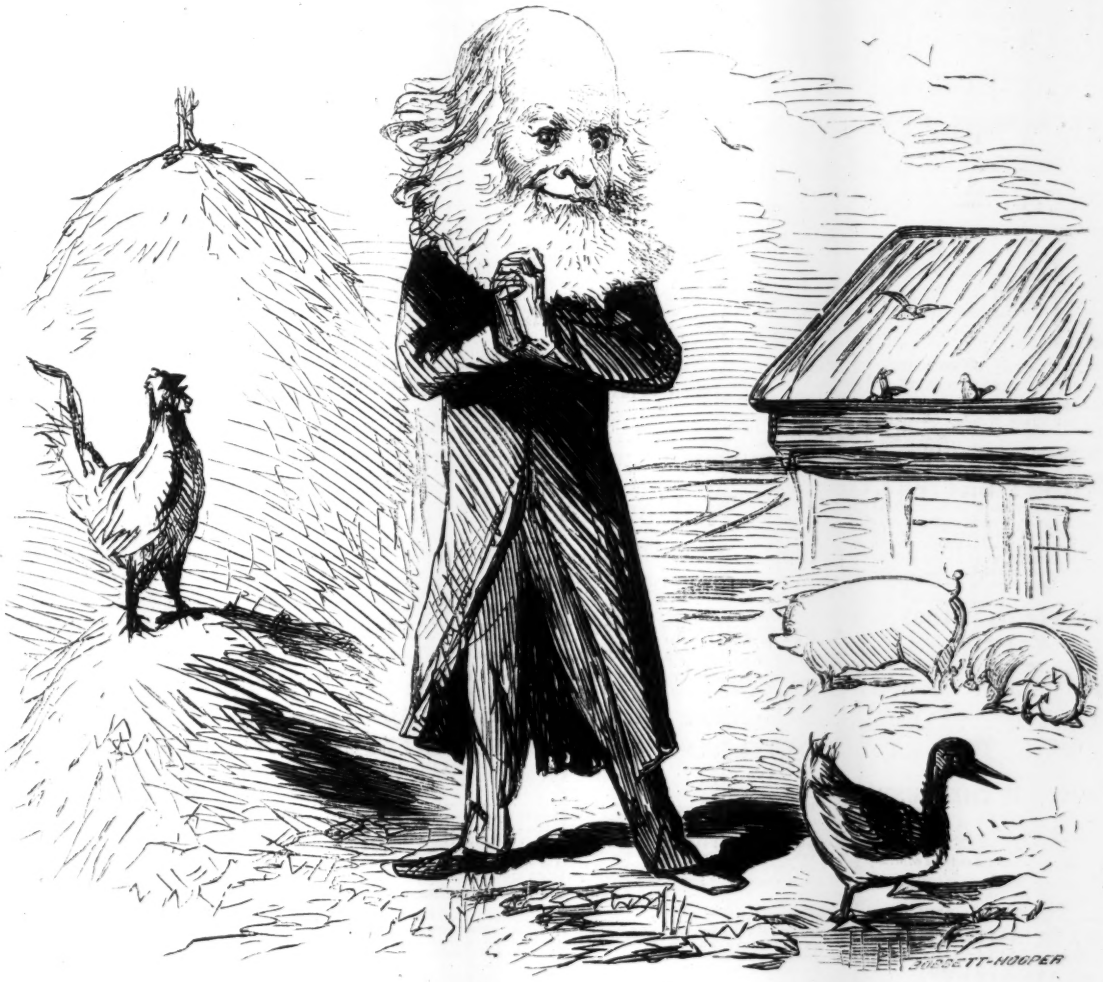
VOL. 5. NO. 123

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

MAY 3,

1862.



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AS HE APPEARED WHILE ENRAPTURED WITH THE LOVELY WATERFOWL TO WHICH HE SUBSEQUENTLY ADDRESSED A POEM.

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" " 10 cents, narrow column.

OUR HUMBLE CONFESSION.

WE own it. We admit it. We cry mercy of our purchasers! We would do worse if we could. But the fatal fact is, that our education was neglected.

Our fond but foolish instructors taught us to speak only the truth. Never was there such a clumsy hand as we are, at a neat and genteel Lie.

In the name of the lamented Baron MUNCHAUSEN, why were we not in our early days introduced to the profitable and popular mendacities? Why were we left in this work-a-day world ignorant of the Philosophy of Fibs? Had we been properly cultivated, instead of being a dreary recounter of stale and tasteless truths, we might have been a Liar of the first magnitude—we might have revived in our own private person, the glories of FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO—we might have been a Secretary of Something—we might have been the beloved of JAMES GORDON B⁰⁰⁰⁰TT—we might have been the Editor of *The Sacred Sax-Horn*—we might have been Generalissimo of the Confederate Armies—we might have been entrusted with the Censorship of the Telegraph—we might have made ourselves useful and ornamental, as a Street Commissioner—we might have had a chance in some Beef or Breeches Contract—we might have been BRIGHAM the First King of the Mormons—we might have manufactured murders for the daily press—we might have furnished news from America for *The London Times*—we might have discovered and described the Gorilla—we might have managed a Broadway Museum—we might—but why prolong this sad series of agonizing conjectures? We feel that we are contemptible. We hope that our friends will pity and forgive us, for being veracious. We know that the fastidious public want Lies—good, strong, undiluted. racy. bitter, biting, beautifully bad lies—marvels of mendacity like those which we find in the Canadian chronicles—appetizing tit-bits of tergiversation, like those of the renowned RUSSELL—grand, bold, sublime, gigantic, official *canards*, like those of thrice killed BEAUREGARD—and here we are, in a tame, weak, aqueouslacteal way, telling the poor mean miserable, insipid truth! In the name of LEMUEL GULLIVER—in the name of ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA—we confess our Virtuous Sins and Honest Iniquities!

O for a Four Hundred Horse Falsehood Power! With only that, what battles would we win! what hosts of rebels would we slaughter! what heroes would we manufacture out of two dozen buttons a yard of gold lace and a pair of epaulettes! Beautiful bulletins! Rich rumors! scathing scandals! conqueriug campaigns! vigorous victories! How would we disport with the False Fluid, and load the wires with legions of light-legged Lies! Bah! what's a beggarly Truth Teller, in times like these? Bah! again, and again, bah!

Truth lives in the bottom of a well, does she? We should think so—the damp, dripping, dowdy damsel! What's Truth good for but to make one catch cold? will Truth nominate you for an office? Will Truth secure your election? Will Truth help you to a crummy contract? Will Truth sell an Evening Edition? O Truth, we are ashamed of you! Go and be crushed to earth again! Or go down into your well at once! Go down by the first bucket! We want nothing to do with you!

Falsehood! ah! but Falsehood is a jolly jade! you will not find her in a well! She lives a merry life at the bottom of a great jorum of whiskey-and-very-little-water, she does! Dear garrulous, tipsy, voluble, comfortable Falsehood—how we do dote upon you, to be sure! Come to our arms! Come quickly and leave sluggard Truth to draw on her slow fusty old boot at her leisure! Let us have a merry-go-rounder of mendacity! Let us with long face aver that WELLES knows a bum boat from a baby-jumper!—that Parson BROWNLOW, good old soul! is a chaste and polished speaker!—that the Reverend BEECHER isn't fond of flattery, nor the Reverend BELLOWS of bones—that BEN WOOD is a legitimate descendant of DEMOSTHENES—that the editorials of *The World* are read with avidity by the lovers of light literature—that, but enough! After the last bounces, we feel that there is *nil ultra*—nothing more to be said!

For a first attempt—we appeal to our falsest and least to be trusted reader—isn't the above tolerably foul? Aren't these bad enough specimens of the White Article? As for the Black Variety we cannot yet think of competing with those gifted spirits of Printing House Square, who are our revered masters in these new studies.

THE STYLE TRENCHANT.

Most of our readers are aware that the city of Memphis, Tennessee, is subject to an *Avalanche*, but they do not all know, perhaps, what a wonderful war correspondent the Memphis *Avalanche* maintains. Here is an extract from that correspondent's report of the battle of Pittsburg:

"I moved to the left, where Gen. BEAUREGARD sat on a stump, 'moving the whole scene.' 'Bring up that artillery and we will soon break their lines,' he exclaimed. Feeling that his words were words of doom I asked Col. TATE the hour. It was just one minute after 10. HINDMAN receives his ammunition; the foe flies before him; a shell bursts in his horse, and hurls him in the air. The victory is ours."

In the above we have a fine touch of Chevy Chase, the chief difference that we can discern between BEAUREGARD and the WIDDERINGTON of the ballad referred to, being that the latter fought upon two stumps, while the former must be contented to go down to posterity upon one—which will be rather a "lame and impotent conclusion" to the glorious career of PIERRE TOUTANT *dit* BEAUREGARD. But we are in a difficulty with the *Avalanche* war reporter about the connection between BEAUREGARD'S "words of doom" and what o'clock it was. Had the *Avalanche* war reporter asked Col. TATE "how he was off for soap," because the commanding General had just given utterance to "words of doom," we should have hailed the fine sentiment with roars of delight. At present we look upon the *Avalanche* war reporter with withering contempt. "HINDMAN receives his ammunition," says that spasmodic person in one of his epileptic jerks. Whose ammunition did HINDMAN receive? Does that statement refer to the shell that "bursts in his horse, and hurls him in the air?" If so, to the horse should have been accredited the fact of receiving the ammunition, because, upon the bursting of the shell among the internal arrangements of that poor animal, do these noble words "The victory is ours" appear to hang. On the whole we are much dissatisfied with the *Avalanche* war reporter. Any body who can write at all could easily jerk off a descriptive letter in the ST. VITUS manner of that person. Indeed we are inclined to think that ST. VITUS himself, who was canonized in spite of his jerks, is the actual war reporter of the Memphis *Avalanche*. "I moved to the left," says he, with a jerk of his right thumb over it. "'That's right,' says BEAUREGARD. He squatted upon a stump. An egg-shell bursts in his pocket. 'Bring up those oysters!' shouted he. His words were words of doom. Yes sir-ree. I asked Col. TATE to pass the salt. He did it. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! The victory is ours!"

If the kind reader will try to imagine the foregoing sentences jerked off by a spasmodic man, with an accompaniment of the eccentric gestures persevered in by persons indebted to ST. VITUS for their proficiency in dancing, we think that the kind reader will have before him a fine stereoscopic likeness of the war reporter of the Memphis *Avalanche*.

Reckless Pleonasm.

There is a Menagerie of Living Wild Beasts, up town, which advertises that its "Unparallelled Success is beyond all Precedent." It doesn't say what we presume is the fact, that the Ferocity of the Tiger is Very Ferocious, and that the Length of the Elephant's Trunk is Very Long; and, queerer still it doesn't say, either, that those who object to paying Twenty-five Cents will be admitted for Two Shillings.

LUCID.

Frederic,—"LOOK POORLY, THIS MORNING, DO I? WELL, YOU'D LOOK POORLY YOURSELF, GOVERNOR, IF YOU'D FOUGHT THE TIGER ALL NIGHT, AND GOT SCRATCHED AS I DID!"

Welles as a Metallurgist.

The Secretary of the Navy has a keen perception of the fitness of things. When a gentleman from Clinton County, New York, remarked to him the other day that the revolution in ship building would give an increased value to iron ores, he is said to have responded, with the prompt sagacity for which he is distinguished, that it was all well enough to construct *vessels* of iron, but he considered wooden Oars preferable to any others, and that the same remark would apply to wooden Sculls.

Not that kind of Bird.

English papers are enthusiastic about a pair of Birds of Paradise lately added to the collection of the Zoological Society, in Regent's Park An absurd report has gained currency that the birds referred to are no other than Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL as if *they* were connected in any way with Paradise! Besides it should be obvious to the least reflecting that if those persons were domiciled in the Zoological Gardens, at all, it would hardly be in the division allotted to birds.

Mr. Lincoln's Latest.

By special permission of the "Censor of the Press" we are allowed to mention that the President on alighting from his carriage after his late Acquia Creek excursion, remarked that "it was all nonsense to say Virginia was disaffected, as he had found it a Clay state up to the hub."

McClellan and Daniel Webster.

MCCLELLAN has named his favorite charger DAN. WEBSTER. The military pounder and the great expounder are a sharp team and can hardly fail to trample the enemies of the Constitution under their feet.

INTERESTING BITS OF INFORMATION FOR THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

(According to the Herald.)

Bit of Information I. You are an old gentleman.
Bit of Information II. You are somewhat fogied.
Bit of Information III. Your ideas are so many fossils.
Bit of Information IV. Your virtues are more provoking than your faults.
Bit of Information V. It is the general opinion that you ought to go to Spain—you had better go to Glory
Bit of Information VI. You are an extraordinary old gentleman. Ordinary men require but seven hours sleep per day, you certainly secure twenty.
Bit of Information VII. You could write a capital "Farmer's Almanac," for 1762. Try it.
Bit of Information VIII. It must be your corns that trouble you.
Bit of Information IX. One can generally make a sluggard hop by sticking a pin into a fleshy part.

Cheerful War News.

A dispatch to the War Department, from Cairo, says that "ex-Lieut. THOMAS HUGER, late of the United States Navy, is in command of Fort Pillow, and that Gen. PILLOW and Commodore HOLLINS *had gone below.*" If this is so, we are infinitely obliged to Messrs. PILLOW and HOLLINS, and hope they will remain there.

We Mean the Evening One.

It is common to blame the Major Generals commanding departments, for the defeat of their subordinates at various points; but we think that a good many misfortunes should be credited to the Commander of the *Post.*

A Cold Shoulder.

A letter from England states that Mr. PARKER SNOW is about to go in search of survivors of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's party. The searching Snows of many an Arctic Winter have already found the ill-fated explorers, and we fear that the advent of another Snow will not only serve to bury their fate still deeper in mystery, but that this one, like its predecessors, will but remain to add to the icy desolation of the North. The humane desire to aid a fellow sufferer by putting one's "shoulder to the wheel" is laudable, but we apprehend that the shoulder, in this case, will prove but a cold one. In a word, we have little faith in this new expedition, the more especially as we do not believe in this homœopathic application of sending more snow to rescue those who have been so long snowed in.

A good Augury.

The Secesh inhabitants of Fredericksburgh, we understand, consider it an awful Bore to have General AUGUR in town; the loyal German residents, however, who look upon him as General Lager, are in a state of ponderous Teutonic delight.

Young Man! Take off that Uniform!

The revolution made by WAGNER in music, in the old world, seems to find its counterpart in military circles here. We need scarcely say that we allude to the blue-and-gold, shoulder-strapped shams who dawdle about our streets, and who, it has long since become painfully evident, can only be ranked among the Soldiers of the Future.

A Fossil Fallacy.

Our private tutor used to insist upon it that, with perseverance nothing is impossible; but we should like to have seen him trying to spike a howitzer with a tooth-pick.

BOSTON ALARMED!

AS is well known, ever since the adjustment of the great PARKER-FORREST case in whose peaceful end the Lion lay down with the Lamb, (you takes your choice, my little dears, as to which is the Lion and which is the Lamb,) Boston has been barren of a sensation. The Count JOANNES (with reverence we write that awful name!) has latterly intermitted in the matter of libel suit, while Governor ANDREW, much to SENNOTT's disgust, has long since renounced the pleasing practice of "cavorting" up and down State Street on the fiery hippopotamus. In vain did "Brother HASKELL," of the *Transcript*, endeavor to rouse the dormant energies of the town. The controversy he started as to whether NOAH took a supply of desiccated vegetables with him in the ark, though carried on for a few days in a bitter and spirited manner by "A Constant Reader," "Xenophon" and "Sigma," faded untimely and went out, as even *Transcript* controversies sometimes must. The dormant energies of the town refused to be roused at any such price. So Boston languished. Torpid swells went wearily the round from the Parker House to the Tremont, from the Tremont to the Museum Exchange, and even the cocktail became a burden to them. The great WARREN, funniest of comedians, stood in the doorway of the Boston Museum (temple of Virtue and of MOSES KIMBALL!) and smoked his matutinal cigar with an air of unusual melancholy. Things generally were dismal.

At the crisis of debilitating *ennui* Night came, bearing in her bosom the much-desired sensation. When

> "Morn,
> Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
> Unbarr'd the gates of light." (MILTON.)

there appeared before the eyes of Boston a sight calculated to make "the hair, in frenzied porcupine array, stand even upon the head of that mass of all low, foul, and hellish proclivities, a Common Councilman." (STEPHEN H. BRANCH.)

The sight was this placard:

THE FURCOINERS ARE COMING!

The cheek of many a brave man blenched as he looked upon this ominous announcement. Women huddled together in affright and whispered low their fears. Small boys desisted from "knuckledabs" and "peg in the ring" and gaped at the white and green poster in a mute wonder. Dread apprehension ruled the hour. In the State House, Governor ANDREW sat, surrounded by a triple body-guard, inditing war bulletins and making preparations for the defence of the city. A large nigger, a member of the Liberty Guard, was thrown out as picket at the Mill Dam, for which point he immediately departed, carrying a howitzer under each arm. The men, generally, armed themselves. The women, imbued with that spirit of '76 which circulates about Boston in such large packages, did the same. One ancient spinster declared that if the worst came to the worst she would spike her false teeth, blow up her band-box and retreat in good order to Dorchester. Her determination was highly praised.

In the meantime Rumor was busy with a thousand reports as to the nature and object of the invaders. "Who are the Furcoiners?" was the question heard on every side. Some answered that they were a wild and shaggy horde, descended from the mountain fastnesses of Roxbury Heights to pillage and destroy the city. FREDERICO RISLICO, a bandit short and fat, but terrible, was said to be the chieftain of this outlawed crew. Others declared that the Furcoiners were a band of Scythians, armed, as might be inferred from their name, with scythes, and coming to give Boston its *coup de grass*. There were 998 other reports equally various and equally distressing. The terror of mystery clung about the word, Furcoiner. It clings about it still, for even at the present time Boston is bathed in the perspiration of dismay and shudders when it looks at that terrible handwriting on the wall.

Who shall tear aside the veil that shrouds this awful secret?

A WOODLAND SONG.

BY R. W. EMERSON'S TITMOUSE.

From north, and south, and east, and west,
A sound of joy is coming:
The partridge in his russet vest
Down in the glen is drumming;
The squirrel and the cedar-bird,
And the woodpecker, all, are merry,
And I, too, sing, as I flirt my wing,
Chick-a-dee-dee-down-derry!

Because, no more, for walls of wood
The nations now will ravage
With ringing axe the solitude
So dear to bird and savage;
Since iron, only, on the sea
Henceforth the day will carry,
Then sing, old passenger, with me,
Chick-a-dee-dee-down-derry!

Live on, live oak! on ridge and glade
Unfearful of disaster;
Pine tree, that erst a mast had made,
Of you I now am master;
Bend, beech, unto the linden tree,
Young ash, embrace the cherry,
And sing, old Beeswax, sing with me,
Chick-a-dee-dee-down-derry!

New Music.

(BY THE CRITIC OF THE TRIBUNE.)

We have received from the publishers, "*The Contraband Quadrilles.*" Pretty fair. The key note, however, should have been B flat, and we are inclined to think that the writer employs too many hemidemisemiquavers. The modulation in the 60th bar is grossly inaccurate; nor can we see the propriety of the fortissimo in the introduction. Otherwise, the quadrilles are stately, superb, harmonious and amiable.

We have also received "*Grand Etude for Fifteen and a Half Piano Fortes.*" Rather weak in the minor. The portamente is ridiculous. A fairish presto, but the Flats in the 40th bar should have been chromatic Sharps. Otherwise, a tolerable adagio.

Somewhat Mixed Up.

The following startling card appeared in the personal column of last Sunday's *Herald*:

TO ADOPT—TWIN GIRLS, WITH LIGHT HAIR, BLACK EYES; ONE OF them seventeen months old; Call at Mrs. —— second store in —— avenue, between Fulton and Putnam avenues Brooklyn, for one week.

Now, to the most incurious mind the question naturally arises; *What* is "seventeen months old"—one of the eyes of one of the twins, or one of the twins themselves? and if one of the twins is "seventeen months old," how old, in the name of goodness gracious, is the other fellow? Until this matter is cleared up to our satisfaction, we respectfully but peremptorially decline to provide for either of the above-mentioned young ladies.

European Affairs.

Prussia and Denmark having been for a good while past at loggerheads about some little private matters, the former now proposes to the latter the partition of Schleswig as a settlement in full.

We shall be happy to lend our assistance in solving the difficulty referred to, by dispatching to some appointed rendezvous our special artist in hair, a gentleman who is perfectly conversant with the partition of Wigs in every variety.

Our Language.

No wonder that the English language is a puzzle to all who have been nurtured upon any other. This has been said before, we admit; but we do not remember that anybody has yet remarked the following atrocious anomaly belonging to the language in question, namely, that while every man under the age of twenty-one is legally ordained to be in his Non-age, he must drag out his existence to the age of ninety before he can take rank as a Non-agenarian.

HARD UPON JOHN BULL!

Brother Jonathan—"I SAY, NEIGHBOR, YOU SEEM IN A FIX ABOUT THEM 'ERE WOODEN SHIPS OF YOURS—WHAT'LL YOU TAKE FOR 'EM BY THE CORD?"

A BLARE FROM BLAIR.

"If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
Ring the alarum bell,—Blow wind come wrack;
At least we'll die with harness on our back."
MACBETH.

Manhattanese, poor devils, have you read
BLAIR's grave report on National Defenses?
Your peril from case-hardened ships immense is,
For if some morning, as you lie abed,
The Merrimac arrive, i' faith you're sped;
Then fortify, whatever the expense is.
Steel-plate Fort Richmond, if you're in your senses,
And pigs of metal on your house-top spread.
Cover with frying-pans the City Hall,
Put Salamander Safes in every nook—
For they are incombustible, 'tis said—
And hang with griddles every outward wall
From Harlem River down to Sandy Hook.

Mere Surmise.

The New York *Times*, referring to Secretary WELLES, inquires, "Is he mad?" VANITY FAIR is of opinion that his head is sound—all sound, like most things that are hollow. POPE says:

"Great wit to madness ever is allied,"

and therefore it is quite impossible that the Honorable GIDEON should be mad. It seems, however, that he has made the naval officers in Hampton Roads very mad indeed, by forbidding them to fire on the *Merrimac* except in case of attack. It is supposed that his post-office education renders him averse to have the Mail broken into. Probably, also, his feelings as an ex-postmaster have something to do with the marked tenderness he shows for letters of marque.

An Obsolete Gallicism.

Waiter-gallicism.

A BOSTON CRACKER.

The good people of Boston—we mean the *very* good people of that tortuous but respectable city—have a sharp eye to business even when apparently blind to everything but the diversified religious views shaken up for them like a kaleidoscope to gaze upon. In a report of the "Suffolk South Conference of Congregational Churches," published in the Boston *Traveller*, we find the following statement:

"The afternoon proceedings closed with prayer by HENRY HOYT, of the Book Depository, 9 Cornhill."

Most of our readers are aware, probably, that the above style of advertising originated with a disconsolate French widow, who added to her husband's epitaph the announcement that she meant to continue the pastry-cook business at the "old stand." We have remarked that it is only disconsolate people who ever do advertise in this way. AWFUL GARDNER, the reformed pugilist, frequently made his discourses a vehicle for circulating his reputation as a shoemaker. JOHN BUNYAN, who was a disconsolate tinker, wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" to show what a great thinker he was; and as several other great men have combined the temporal with the spiritual in the same way, we don't see why Boston shouldn't have her crackers.

Beauregard Starring It.

The cypher dispatch from BEAUREGARD to COOPER, calling for reinforcements, fell, as we learn, into the hands of General MITCHEL, the celebrated astronomer, by whom it was readily translated. We are not informed as to the character of the cypher in which it was written, but suppose that it consisted principally of Asterisks, from the facility with which Professor MITCHEL appears to have deciphered it.

Fresh from Green Fields.

One of the most absurd, as well as expensive blunders we have yet heard of was that made by a country gentleman lately in this city, who bought a chilled iron safe in mistake for a refrigerator.

Our Army Surgeons.

If dislocations require to be reduced—as the professional term goes—so do mislocations; and, unless reports deceive us very much, there are a good many misses of that kind made in the appointment of our sawboneses. They have dozens of young sucking chirurgeons in the army, just now, besides many bogus bone-setters of mature age, whom we would not employ to carve a dish of mashed turnips for us, not to talk of entrusting them with the amputation of a cold partridge's leg. A writer upon army surgery speaks of that honorable craft as follows:

"Its praises have been sung by HOMER, and in all ages of the world Governments have extended to it a fostering hand."

With reference to the foregoing all we have got to say is, that it would be safer for our government to extend a fostering hand than a festering hand to the present surgical staff of the army, if certain accounts conveyed to us respecting the efficiency of that same are to be relied on.

A Cheering Sign.

Conspicuously posted upon a stationer's window in Wall Street, may be seen the following announcement:

CHECK-BOOKS AT HALF PRICE.

Now there can no longer be any excuse for persons pleading poverty, and going round borrowing quarters from their too trustful friends. The check-book is now within the reach of all, which procured, it will only remain for the holder to establish a banker and roll forever after in glittering dross.

Our Ardent Spirits.

Mr. MORRILL, of Vermont, has made a statement in the House of a character very damaging to the morals of the Union army. He says, in fact, that there was a general drunk at the time when the troops were about to engage the enemy at Lee's Mill. It is painful to think that the war correspondents of the dailies might probably have participated in the debauch, had they not been muzzled.

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!"

Intelligent Contraband, (to Mesdames Lovejoy and Blair.)—"WELL, YOU'S BOFE BERRY KIND, GOOD OLD LADIES—BUT RALY NOW—YAH! YAH! YAH!"

CABINET CONVERSATION PIECES.

No. 5.

SCENE.—*The Bureau of the War Department. The* PRESIDENT *discovered, seated astride upon a brass 94 pound gun, with his face to the breech. The* SECRETARY OF WAR *is amusing himself by arranging shells, (*JAMES'S *500 lb. conical, and other varieties) in a fancy pattern upon an ormolu table. A buhl cage, occupied by a grey* PARROT, *stands upon a scrolled shelf between the windows. Soft music from a remote barrel-organ arrives punctually upon the fitful breeze.*

President.—Conchology—eh? 'Tis an interesting study, EDWIN, though my own experience of it has been drawn from oysters rather than from hoisters. Excuse my little play; all work is a bad doctor, you know.

Sec. of War.—No apology, sir—none is needed. The ever-pointed pun, like the ever-pointed pen, may be made a vehicle for intense thought. Remember what the great NAPOLEON said: says he—"I care not who makes a nation's laws, provided that to me is accorded the privilege of making its puns."

President.—As Secretary of War of this great Republic, Mr. STANTON, it would have been smarter, as well as more becoming of you to have paraphrased the saying of the renowned Corporal thus—"I care not who breaks Rebellion's nose, provided I get a chance of spiking its guns: not a cuss."

Parrot.—Not a cuss!

Sec. of War.—Dry up, naughty POLL! Pray excuse the bird, sir; like other foreigners, he picks up the bad words first.

President.—You are very polite, sir, but the word was mine; and if ever you noticed it, sir, there is a smack of Western vigor in it that you wouldn't get if you spelt it with an r. I have reason to be dissatisfied with you, of late, Mr. STANTON.

Sec. of War.—What's up now? Anything broke?

President.—If one of the three individuals present was broke, sir, I guess the nation might be a gainer by the transaction. I do not, hereby, refer to myself; neither have my words the remotest application to honest POLL in his cage, yonder."

Sec. of War.—O it's the Secretary of the Navy you mean? I fully agree with you, sir; I have long looked upon Mr. WELLES as the megatherium incubus of the Public Departments, and the bureau over which he potters as the pandemonium of an—

Parrot.—Old fool! old fogy! old muff!—Pretty Poll! good bird! all hands to the pumps!—que-e-eech!

President.—Quaint bird!—Who so bold as to draw the line between instinct and reason, when a parrot can express himself thus? But I could not have referred to the Secretary of the Navy, sir, as I said one of the three individuals present: my censure is on the full simmer for *you*.

Sec. of War.—Pennsylvania is my dwelling place, H——

President.—If you were about to add, "Heaven is my expectation," sir, you are doomed to disappointment, for I am going to give you exactly the reverse. The sentiment of the masses is adverse to you, Mr. STANTON, and we cannot afford to ignore the upbowlings of a mighty people.

Sec. of War.—Who cares for the ravings of the multitude? I wouldn't step off the side-walk for all the yells of the *vox populi*.

Parrot.—Pop you lie! Pop you lie! GIDDY WELLES is a sailieur boy only ninety years old!—que-e-e-eech!

President.—Supposing that I had never seen your parrot, Mr. STANTON, I think I could tell by his voice that he is not a green one. His grey plumage becomes his wisdom well. But as I was saying sir, I have reason to be dissatisfied with you: your ideas upon general subjects, or to be more explicit, on the subject of Generals, appear to be based upon chaos, and a very poor kind of chaos at that.

Sec. of War.—And yet order is my strong point. See my orders generally. Observe my arrangements of these shells.

President.—You may be strong upon small details, sir; perhaps you are, and so is my gingerbread-colored valley. But as for generalizing, I could generalize the shirt off your back any day, and BILL SEWARD says so, too.

Sec. of War.—Don't I generalize, though! Didn't I set up General GRANT on a pedestal as high as the old gas-chimney of Babel, when I told GREELEY that he "conquered by the spirit of the Lord"? Maybe I didn't make a golden calf of him then!

President.—Maybe you didn't make a wooden one of ED. STANTON. You can't come it over this two yards and an eighth of Western stuff with your golden calf—no sir! Nor do I see on what grounds you should have qualified your statement that GRANT "conquered by the Spirit of the Lord" by adding "and by moving immediately upon the enemy's works!"

Parrot.—Enemies works! Enemies works! Helm hard a port, there's a squall coming!—que-e-e-eech!

Sec of War.—Well, the War Bureau is a hard road to travel! It took CAMERON to Russia, and I suppose I shall have to seek retirement now in some moral Siberia.

Parrot.—Liberia! Liberia! There's a nigger in the wood-pile, que-e-e-eech!

President.—Good POLL! The parrot is right, sir, Liberia would be just the place for you—we shall want a minister to that country presently, I guess.

Sec. of War.—Reserve that fragrant position for Mr. GREELEY: the glossy Ethiop hath no charms for me.

President.—The implication contained in the word "fragrant" comes with a bad grace from you Mr. STANTON. You are in anything but good odor with the people just now, yourself.

Sec. of War.—There is but one ABE LINCOLN, and GEORGE MCCLELLAN is his—

Parrot.—Trump card! Trump card!—who made a false deal—que-e-e-eech!

President.—What'll you take for that bird, STANTON? I think we might do worse than put him at the head of the War department.

Sec. of War.—I'll wring his neck!—what does he mean by a false deal? Mr. President, if you have any fault to find with me, I must insist upon having a specific charge—

(*Here one of the 500 lb. shells, which happens to contain a specific charge, explodes, and interrupts the conversation.*)

A RESPECTFUL REMONSTRANCE.

ADDRESSED TO THE SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES BY THE PATRONS OF PATENT PLASTERS, POWDERS, POTIONS AND PILLS.

"Let us reason together."—DR. HOLLOWAY.

The ailing undersigned
Consider it unkind
In your honorable bodies to tax ointment, draught and pill,
As cocktails are, or toddies,
To your very able bodies
So Hygeia's patent nostrums to a body that is ill.

Lay your legislative thong
On the *provant* of the strong,
Upon beef, and beer, and bacon, and the best the market offers
But don't, to feed the war,
Bleed Bronchitis and Catarrh,
Nor try to raise the wind by a tax on weakly coughers.

'Tis a shame a mighty State
Should, at this enlightened date,
Impose upon the weak state of the thousands sick and ailing,
'Tis n't right to reimburse
The insolvent public purse,
From the pockets of a class that is continually failing.

We feel somewhat splenetic
That the price of an emetic
Should be raised by the new bill, that of sickness makes a booty,
Since rise it always will,
Without your plaguey bill,
In accordance, don't you see? with its own specific duty.

On the matchless "Poor Man's Plasters,"
Say why, "approved good masters,"
Do you stick it on as heavy as you've stuck it on the rest
It appears you seek to draw
With your blister of a law
Pence, as *they* draw "peccant humors" from the poor man's hollow chest.

If the government exactor
Taxes "DALLEY'S Pain Extractor,"
'Twill be "skinning" every biped with a seethed or roasted skin.
Excuse a humorous sally,
But how can you dilly-dally
With poor copper-scalded victims for a small amount of "tin?"

Then there's the famous HOLLOWAY
Who often by the swallow way
Gives us all such aid and comfort with his medicine superior,
If he's put down, instead
Of his pills *emeutes* we dread
In that eminent department, the Bureau of the Interior.

Had not JOB had salves and oils
To give coolness to his boils,
His temper had boiled over in rebellion and defiance;
And so will ours, alas!
In the same tormenting pass,
Should you tax down all the balsams that are furnished us by science.

Then place not your heavy hands
Upon Life's outrunning sands,
(Which must needs be soon expended without plasters and purgation,)
And we swear we'll ever pray,
Till the last sand runs away,
For you as for the salvors of the sick throughout the nation.

(Names of signers omitted for want of space.)

PUTTING HIS NOSE IN.

A FLIGHT OF WILD GEESE.

If metaphors could be metaphormorphosed into the wandering water fowls mentioned in our head-line, hardly could they take a more eccentric flight than that in which we observe them in the following quotation from the *Daily Times* of the 18th instant:

"The visit to the rebel Capital of the French Minister, M. MERCIER, is, of course, too good a quarry of *canards* not to be extensively worked, and some of the funniest of mares' nests have been found in that perfectly simple occurrence."

The idea of a *quarry of canards* is one that never occurred to us even in our wildest flights of fancy—never, gentle reader, never. Just imagine working a quarry of ducks! Tough specimens enough, indeed, of that toothless and yet toothsome biped have we encountered in a somewhat extensive gastronomic experience, but we reject the idea that the toughest of them, even, was hewed out of the same material as the simpering sepulchral cherubim, all head and wings, that haunts the suburban marble-yard. Then observe the sudden transition in the quoted paragraph from quarries of ducks to mares' nests. At this our brain whirls. We jumble wildly the humble *canard* with the proud *cheval*. Waiter, ho!—bring hither an omelet of the frisky mare's eggs!—A duck! a duck! our kingdom for a duck!—ha—ah!!

Spontaneity Spontaneous.

Away down East, in the State of Maine, which is celebrated for its manufacture of a first rate article of patent sun-rise, they are about to elect Members of Congress; and, among the Oriental Nominees, is the celebrated Mr. BLANE, who is, we are informed, the grandfather of the well-known Miss MARY BLANE, whose charms have been much and most musically insisted upon by many bands of Sable Singers. The North-East Correspondent of *The Boston Journal* hopes that Mr. BLANE will be elected, because he is "A Spontaneous Speaker." This gives us frigid tremors of apprehension, even as if we had inhaled ten cubic feet of North East wind. There is a great deal too much Bad and Indifferent Speaking in the House now; and when the Spontaneous BLANE shall have opened, we are afraid that nothing less than Spontaneous Combustion will stop him. All Spouting is bad, but may the Goddess of Silence, if there be such a benevolent divinity, as there certainly should be—preserve us from Spontaneous Spouting.

What some of our Croakers might well be called. Buell-Frogs.

A VEHICLE FOR A FEW IDEAS.

When the verbose CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS gave his famous order—

"Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller."

he could not have had the slightest premonition that, at some future day, a New York coach-builder would call a carriage of a peculiar make a "Manhattan Yacht Buggy." And yet, on reference to the pages of the "New York Coachmaker's Magazine" for May, a strange hermaphrodite of the kind will be found therein described and pictured. Whether it was the idea of the "captain's gig" that first suggested to the fertile mind of the designer that of the yacht buggy, we are not able to state; but that it is a one-hawser we can positively aver, because it is rigged with shafts instead of a jib-boom, and therefore attachable to one horse only. From the peculiar form of the cut-water of this vessel, we should suppose that the manner in which she will "cut dirt" when sent out upon a cruise in the Manhattan Roads will be anything but slow. "Avast, there, you lubber!" will now be the language of Harlem Lane—"haul in the slack of your main-sheet if you don't want your splash-board to go athwart horse!"—with a good deal more of the same sort, selected from COOPER, MARRYATT and other stable nautical novelists. We should like to be captain of such a yacht as the one referred to; but, as we are a bachelor, and never had so much as a First Mate, we would be rather puzzled about officering one—the yacht, not the first mate—on which account we have concluded to walk until shoes become so expensive that we must economize by going upon wheels. In conclusion, none who have ever cruised much in wooden vessels, will be likely to dissent from our *dictum* that a yacht buggy is a much nicer thing to own than a buggy yacht.

THE THREE TELEGRAMS.

I.

This morning the telegraph brings us news,
Which, though oddly spelt, we shall not refuse:
It says that the Rebels have gone, slosh, plump,
Into the slough called the Dismal Swump.

II.

What, another telegram! telling, still,
With wretched spelling, but right good will,
How circumstance, uncombined with pomp,
Has conducted the Rebs to the Dismal Swomp.

III.

And here, again, is a third, I declare,
A telegram spelt all right—how rare!
And it states that the Devil hung out his lamp
And decoyed the Confeds to the Dismal Swamp!

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

It is an indication of the demand for recruits in the Confederate army, that the young ladies of Richmond are fighting the battle of life on their own respective hooks, by obtaining employment as clerks in the public departments of the rebel administration. At least we have been favored with an account of two charming young "lasses of Richmond Hill," who are distinguishing themselves in that capacity—two "pretty daughters of Mr. WILSON CAREY, a prominent secessionist teacher," as we are told. One of these little stormy petrels—or Mother Carey's chickens, as mariners call them—lately appeared at a ball in Richmond, made up to represent Maryland chained by the Union. She had her pretty little hands tied together in a sorrowful way with her gart—girdle, we mean, and the shield of Maryland rose and fell upon her billowy bosom as wildly as a rocking ship upon a restless ocean. But JEFF DAVIS rushed like a man to the rescue of Miss HETTY CAREY MARYLAND, and severed with one lunge of his bowie-knife the bonds that made her the slave of LINCOLN. This was enacted, we are told, "amid the stormy applause of the company"—which was a remarkably neat and appropriate kind of applause with which to greet such little stormbirds as Mother CAREY'S chickens. We are also informed from an enthusiastic source, that the event in question "has created the most intense delight and sympathy in the upper crust of secession here"—from which we may infer that when the upper crust of secession in Maryland comes to be broken, the pie will be found to consist of such fair game as Mother Carey's chickens and other skimmers of troubled waters.

THE RECTOR OF ARKANSAS.

It is usually considered the duty of a rector, as well as of a curate—putting aside sextons and other inferior officers of the church—to inculcate truth, as the great basis of all that is good, and to declaim against the lie, as the root of all that is bad. There is a rector in Arkansas, however, who has lately attempted to reverse this order of things, though, we believe, without any decided success. We allude to Governor RECTOR, of that State, who lately sent a message to the Legislature recommending the passage of an act "punishing with a heavy fine any person who dared to express a doubt of the success of the Confederate arms, and that a second offence be declared a felony."

Now, under such an act, Arkansas would be a splendid place for many war correspondents of the New York dailies to settle down in, because people would be compelled to believe them by Legislative enactment, nothing short of which would bring *us*, at least, to swallow the rubbish reported by them. But when we are told by the Missouri *Democrat* that it has lately been proclaimed throughout Arkansas that PRICE has retaken Springfield and captured CURTIS; that PIKE, chief of the Ya-hoo-go-ril-la tribe of Indians, had caught HUNTER and "raised his hair;" that the Union forces were repulsed with great loss at Island No. 10, that JEFF. DAVIS was leading forty thousand men to attack Washington, and that these statements met with general credence, we don't believe it. That is, we don't believe that the people of Arkansas in general believe such stuff, else why should it have been considered necessary by the Rector of Arkansas to compel them to do so by law? What a terrible reckoning will yours be, RECTOR of Arkansas, should you succeed in reviving this mediæval tyranny in our day! If we, here at New York, for instance, will only imagine ourselves in a position similar to that of an Arkansas man under the RECTOR administration, we shall see how the thing would be likely to work. We see a devastating horde of the Metropolitan Police tribe pouring down upon our mansion and frightening our young and interesting family into fits, because we stated in confidence to a friend our conviction that the *Tribune's* report of a great Union victory at Large Pedlingtown was premature. We see ourselves dragged to the Egyptian Museum in Centre Street, known as "The Tombs." There we see several respectable citizens "with gyves upon their hands," for laughing without sleeves at the assertion made by another daily paper, that 40,000 rebels were killed and wounded in the fight referred to, while the Federals came off with a loss of only 10,000. We see ourselves in a bad state of mind at being thus cornered, chiefly because we hear the newsboys crying a *Herald* extra of another great battle at some new place beginning with B, and we can't rush out to buy it.

We think we see all this. But if anybody tells us that RECTOR of Arkansas oughtn't to be whipped at a cart's tail for attempting to legalize lies—we "don't see it."

Lobster Sauce.

Col. THOMAS, who used to travel in the ZOYARA line in the guise of a French lady, as well as in other guys, made an attempt to escape from Fort Lafayette, on the night of Monday last, but was discovered by the sentries, pursued and recaptured. His plan was to drift over to the mainland with the assistance of a number of empty lobster cans, tightly corked, so as to answer for buoys: but the result was that while his buoys were too few for him, ours were too many for him.

War and Weather.

The *Atlantic* for May has an able article on the Influence of Weather upon War, but the author does not quite cover the whole ground. He omits to state that troops generally show the white feather during a snow storm, and that when marching to battle over bad roads after a rain storm they manifest unusual apprehension at the idea of being stuck.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

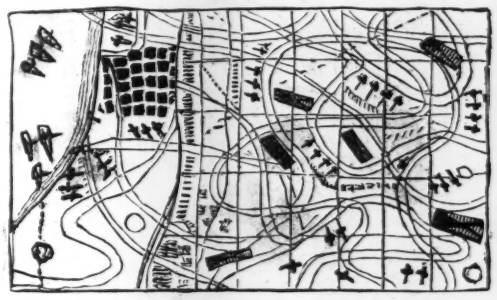
LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

BEFORE YORKTOWN; 23rd April.

MY DEAR VANITY:—as I had feared, my statement, to the effect that I had taken Yorktown, was a *canard*.

It is not yet took.

But I get along well. The subjoined diagram shows my plan of investment; it will be understood at a glance:



THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

....This was designed by the gentleman who does all the *Herald* war-maps. Colored copies may be obtained at the office of this paper. Price $12 per. doz. Very suitable for framing.

As the siege is likely to be a long one, I have established myself here in good shape. I am now writing in the second floor front parlor of my tent; a handsome brown-stone fronted affair with all the modern improvements. This room has two double-sashed windows of flexible glass; is painted up nice, papered with *cartes-de-visite* of the girls who love me best. The floor is of *papier machè*, neatly jointed, and a silver-plated staircase of vulcanized rubber leads to the ground floor.

Here, I sit by the open window, calm and vacuous, and listen gaily to the sweet cannon-music of the siege. It is twelve miles away....I cannot risk too valuable a life in near proximity to vulgar projectiles....but I am enabled to see the smallest details of the battle, even at that distance, by means of a rifled telescope, of my own invention. The lines of sight, in passing through this instrument, acquire a screw motion, which gives them the power requisite to see a little further into a millstone than most people can.

....I have said that this was likely to be a long siege, It is true. Yet I have done all I could to shorten it. I became convinced, the other, day of the superior military knowledge of editors over soldiers, and telegraphed at once to New York, thus:

Mayor OPDYKE:—Send BRYANT here. MC ARONE.

The Mayor made a little mistake. He sent what I ordered, but it was DAN. BRYANT, who is quite a decent fellow, comparatively.

I returned the amiable DANIEL, with instructions to the Mayor to give him a full apology for having mistaken him for the editor of the *Evening Post*, and the Abolition Bard arrived by the next train.

"Colonel," said I, "I want you to take Yorktown."

"Well," he replied, "when rings the leafy grove with warlike sound, and dead and dying cumber all the ground, 'tis for the child of Afric that they bleed....the child of Afric, trampled and in need. But who can smite the swarthy Rebel's wrath? Who strew with broken chains the Ethiop's path? There is but one who can achieve that same, and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is his name!"

"Will you lead a storming party, CULLY?" I asked.

"Go, ask the winds of heaven to lead the storm? Let the North wind blow cold, the South blow warm! I, too, can blow, as in the present fuss, both hot and cold quite simultaneous!"

"Have you ever studied the science of warfare?"

"Have you ever read *Thanatopsis*?"

"What is your opinion on the arrangement of rifle pits?"

"Ask me no more! The only pit I know, is that black pit, the child of Afric's woe! What is the Union, what the War, to me, if Afric's children are not to be free? The Constitution? 'Tis a shameful sell; a pact with death, a covenant with....Well; I say no more, but tell me, have I missed, in judging you an Abolitionist?"

"You hayve," I remarked, "and I guess you'd better go home and write for It. You, and WARD BEECHER, and HORACE GREELEY are all pretty good *Ledger* writers, but if you'd only devote yourselves to It, and stop the *Independent*, the *Tribune*, and the *Post*,